

# My Lady's Desire for a true Reflection evolves Romantic Story of the Mirror

Polished Metal to Plate Glass Marks Progress of Industry Which Became an Art

IMAGINE, Milady, a mirrorless boudoir!

Remember Narcissus, finding his likeness only in a stream, baffled by the ripple of the water!

Picture the ancient Grecian maiden, the Roman matron, the Etruscan damsel with only a strip of polished metal in which to glimpse vague pictures of her charms!

Consider the maids of medieval Europe whose eyes sought elusive figures in the imperfect work of the early glass blowers!

Think of the belles of the early Nineteenth Century before their flawed window glass mirrors!

Then, Milady, turn to your own dressing table surmounted by an upright crystal surface and gaze upon the perfect reflection in the depth of the plate glass.

The romance of the mirror! Beauty and ugliness, love and hatred, elation and despair, all the emotions, all the sensations caught momentarily and flung back into the face of the beholder!

Behind it lies a study in reflection. The Greek maiden could find no true satisfaction in the dull image in her polished metal; nor could the women of the Middle Ages and the Victorian Era in the translucent mirrors of blown window glass. There must have been doubt in the infallibility of her mirror to cause that fairy tale lady of medieval days to chant:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Who is fairest of us all?"

Unlike the centuries past, nothing is now concealed. The mirror of today permits of no flattery. Milady sees Milady as she is, as others see her. Her fleeting expressions, the taste of her attire, the tell-tale crow's feet under her

eyes, the perfections and defects alike are disclosed.

For more than two centuries the mirror maker has wrought to supply this perfect vision. For years men died from mercury poisoning incurred while silvering the backs of the mirrors. Death lay in the art but Milady must be served and victims marked the path toward perfection.

## Plate Glass Discovered

Progress has marched in steady strides since the days of Louis Lucas, of Nehou, France, in 1691. He was the discoverer of the plate glass mirror, was the discoverer, in fact, of plate glass. Louis Lucas, once a little known artisan, deserves Milady's obeisance. To him alone goes the honor of making possible the personal discovery of personal charms.

...unattainable desire to have the true reflection, the behest of vanity, in other words, has made an art of plate glass mirror making. No priceless relic of antiquity exacts more rigid care; no precious metal undergoes a closer assay. Only the purest of glass plates may be used and the process, from beveling to silvering, demands the utmost in skill. There dare not be a single defect for the final covering of silver would accentuate every flaw, infinitesimal as it might be.

In beveling alone there are five steps. First comes roughing with sand, then the application of emery to even the bevel, then smoothing with the grindstone, then smoothing with pumice and finally, polishing with rouge. Could any art be more exacting?



Left—One of the five operations necessary in beveling plate glass.

Above—Polishing a bevelled sheet of plate glass is a delicate task.

Right—Applying the Silver Solution.

Window glass was too imperfect to disillusion the Victorian wearers of hoop-skirts.

Grecian damsels found the warrior's shield irritatingly vague.



Narcissus had only the brook

## Silvering Delicate Process

But it does not end at that point. It is not yet a mirror. It must yet be silvered. For silvering the plate is washed with distilled water and then placed upon a blanket covered table heated to about one hundred degrees. While in this position the liquid nitrate of silver is poured over it.

No longer is it mercury coated. That practice died a quarter century ago, the high price of the metal, and its injurious effect upon the workmen combining to substitute nitrate of silver.

With the silver precipitated upon the back, the plate is dried, shellacked and painted. It is ready for the frame, and, after the skill of the frame maker has wrought a fitting circumference, it becomes at last, a mirror.

But the character of the glass used determines the quality of finished mirror. Should it have the slightest flaw the most inconspicuous convexity of convexity, even will be magnified to the mirror and reflect Milady's features in grotesque distortion.

To avoid this, practically all mirrors are now made of plate glass. No other sort retains such rigidity of substance and reflection as embodied that indestructible clearness and brilliancy which stamp the finished product with the unmistakable mark of quality.

Milady receives it with critical eye. She finds it flawless. She then it is she dearest's dependant upon what it tells her. She knows the dare of the mirror, for in the glass into its depth, she knows that it has attained the glimpse of it tells the truth.

# HAPPY CANYON TONIGHT

INDIANS, COWBOYS, BUCKING HORSES, SNAKE DANCE, NOVEL FEATURES. EVERYTHING SAVORING OF A FRONTIER TOWN.

**Go the First Night!**

**Avoid the Rush!**

LET 'ER BUCK DANCE AT 9:00.

GAMBLE AT THE RED SALOON

Featuring Schubert's Orchestra of Chicago.

Hear Jane Burns Albert, soprano of Portland, sing Round-Up songs. Musical program also includes solos by Tom Ordeman (Portland) Cowboy Quartet.

**Opens 6:30**

**Arena Show 7:30**

BAND CONCERT 7:20

DANCE 9.00